EXSTANK NO. 23 TELLS OF A CON-SCIENCE FREED FROM CARE.

An Unexpected Drop Into Peorla, Ill.-Beginng of a Small Fortune-County Fair Foot Races and the Disguised Sprinter-Some Aspects of Betting on a Sure Thing.

At the last meeting of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates there was a somewhat heated discussion as to whether a square man may justifiably play a ringer, knowing the same to be a ringer, collect the coin thus won, and keep his head closed about The con ensus of opinion seemed to be that, so long as a man is not himself instrumental in putting a ringer first under the wire, it is perfectly legitimate for him to back a ginger right off the beards, if the chance comes tway and he needs the money badly, the oad ground being taken that the man who invests his mone; on a ringer is bound to be discaualified out of the amount of his bet if the ringer is exposed as such, and that "when you stand to lose you're sure entitled to stand to vin."

This view appeared to be vastly comforting to Fix-Tank No. 23.

"The club's vote on this important question;" said he, reflectively feeling of his large diantond-surrounded sapphire scarfpin, "lets me out For a number of years past I've wondering during the silent watches when night, sable goddess, has begun to stretch forth her lead-loaded night club over this dossing burg-1 mean to say that I've been kept a-guessing for a long time past whether a little yank-down that I made out in Illinols the rear after the World's Fair put me in the same class with spark grafters, porch climb-

"Say, look a-here," yelled Ex-Tank No. the parliamentarian and kicker, suddenly Jum ping up in his place, "d'ye think this outfit bunch o' domino-playing ward sleuthe .pr. ttering in the back room off a precinct clink about a big roundup in an East Side fence

"The Ex-Tank Sweep-Up will convey No T to the hot room and read to him a four-column, denunciation of trusts," said the Chief Tanl; severely pounding with his gavel. "No 23 will proceed to enlighten the club with respect to this fortuitous clarification of his conscience.

"I, will not take up the club's time," pro cecled Ex-Tank No. 23, "by endeavoring to explain how I happened to sift into Peoria Ill., the year after the World's Fair. That's a sad, smeary story, anyhow, and to tell it right the lights 'ud have to be lowered and there'd have to be weird minor music from reed instruments. Moreover, there wasn't any particular reason why it should have been Peoria. The train just pulled onto a siding and everybody got off. Noticing my hesitation, the brakeman asked me if I'd kindly step off so that he could lock up the car. I obliged him, and when I walked into the station I found that the place was Peoria. The ticket that I had in my clothing read St. Louis, but that was merely a frivclous little detail, and I hadn't been told about any change of cars, anyhow. I never did be-Heve in this car-changing game. When I get off once I want to stay there. Moreover, when you get off to switch cars, the temptation to stak your ticket at a scalper's is almost too overwhelming to be resisted. You get real sure-enough money for the butt of the ticket, whereas, by going on, you'd get only a ride and you're generally tired of riding when you get off to make the switch. That's the way I

What for St. Loo? 'says I to myself as repaired in the direction of the scalper's office, the sign of which I saw up the street. 'I don't want to go to St. Loo. I've seen Shaw's Gar dens and Tower Hill Park and other less meritorious portions of St. Loo, whereas Peoria Is a sealed town to me. Furthermore, look at the two-fifty in currency and silver that I'll get on this stub of a ticket. St. Loo? Why

"Four minutes later I had secured \$2.75 of the scalper's change on the fag end of my ticke to St. Louis, which caused me to reflect upor the possibility of my running for clerk of Pe-oria county, for the \$2.75 was big money to me just then, seeing that I had only lately been

In Chicago. "I passed up the high ones and purchased for myself two ammonia cocktails wherewith to give tope to my frame. Then the shine, the shave, the fresh collar and cuffs and the half so much on the blink as it might hav Then the modest cup of coffee and the rol accompanied by the inevitable line of thinks that is superinduced by coming to in a burg

"As I sat in the dinky restaurant, trying to figure out the best way to captivate the pop plation of Peoria, a couple of loose-jointed. comfortable-looking, middle-aged men mp in front in a buggy and entered the feed tepes. They sat down at the table in front of me and ordered ham and eggs, and then began to talk about the county fair that was to come off in about a month's time. I got my ears

"We ought t' hire some feller thet's agood Ink slinger an' thet kin spread good chin music on paper t' write up them circulars an posters an' th' ads t'r th' papers an' I don't dest ezzackly know no boy whut's not workin thet 'ud take th' job f'r a month's time at \$12 week, d'you?"

"'That,' said I, butting in right there where]

aw the opening, 'is because you don't know me. I am the boy. "Hey?' they both said at once, wheeling

bround in their chairs and looking me over. 'I said that you need institute no furthe gearch for a person capable of fulfilling the requirements you just mentioned, and which, owing to my contiguity, I could not avoid hearing, I remarked, edging a little closer. Moreover, the coming month is the only open time I've got on my book. After this month

my date list'll be stuffed to repletin'. "The pair of county fair magnates looked a each other and then they looked some mor

"Well," said one of them to the other, nodding In my direction, 'ef thet feller kin write as highfalutin' as he kin talk, he's th' man we're a buntin' f'r, ain't he?'

" 'He sure is,' replied the other heap-much In county fair affairs, and then they asked me the usual idiotic questions that some folks put to a man they're thinking of giving a Job to "I didn't tell 'em that Chicago and the wicked-

ness thereof had got me going so that it had been up to me to quit that town or seek a job on the Drainage Canal, I simply put it to 'en that the far famed virtue, honor and sobriety of the inhabitants of Peoria had attracted me to their beautiful and prosperous city-I could see that my calling Peoria a city made a big hit with 'em both- and that the temptatio was strong within me to tarry just one calendar month in the place, during which time my humble services would be at their disposition I got the job, and two hours later I was seated at a nice, rolltop desk in an office at the Peorla County Fair Grounds, cutting out designs for the forthcoming autumn exhibition of the county's products It was my job to frame up circulars, to be sent out to all the farmers in the county, with reference to the prizes to be ofer-kine, the fattest hogs, the longest ear of corn, the most adipose pumpkin. Likewise, It was up to me to embody the same or similar Information in ads. to be placed in all the newspapers in the county, and, in addition, to do al of the clerical work in connection with the or-

Canization of the fair. "Last, but not least, it was passed along to me to organize the fair's sporting events. Two have run this end of it fell off a load of hay and fractured himself. Then the two fair magnates

who had given me my job came to me and asked me if I knew anything about sporting events. wouldn't see my face. Did I know anything about sporting events? Did Lever see Coney Island? "There's a-goin' t' be runniu' an' trottin' pacin' races, they explained to me, 'an'

THE RINGER AT PEORIA; all kinds o' athletic business f'r th' young fellers -runnin' an' jumpin' an' climbin' th' greased pole an' collarin' th' greased hog an' throwin' weights, an' sich like. D'ye know anythin

baout them kind o' things?" "Oh, I annexed that end of the county fair, too, all right, and got the fractured fellow's salary for it at that, which brought my Peoria income up to \$25 per seven days. I advertised all of the events forthwith, with the statement that all entries would close two weeks before the fair began, and my office began to be jammed up all day with farmers that had nags that wanted to go in the racing events for four-footed beasts, and hired men and young Peoria chaps who wanted their names to go down for competition in the various athletic

"On the afternoon before the events were to close a mastadonic Rube-he was an easy six foot two-wearing high-water trousers and a fean suit and wide brimmed, ten-cent straw hat that went to a point at the top, shambled into my office, flopped into a chair beside my desk, ate a few strands of hay that he took out of the interstices of his hickory shirt, spat good naturedly at the cat in the corner, and looked me over. "'Air you th' feller,' he asked me, 'whut's

bossin' th' runnin' races f'r bumans?" "'That I be,' said I, without looking up from

"'Wall,' said he, still eating alfalfa industri ously. 'I'm some on th' run myself, ef I do say it, an' I want t' go in."

"Go in what, Zeke?' I asked him, going right on with my labors. "Th' runnin' again' these fellers that think they kin run some,' said he. 'Want t' run any of 'em any distance from ten foot t' ten mile You might not think it, but I sure can lope heap. I'm farmin' down to Bartonville belov here, an' they sin't ary a man down that a way thet kin as much as make me stretch runnin' I got my eye on some o' them caounty fai

prizes, sure 'nough.' "Have, hey?' said I, looking up at the yap,

Well, you've got enough inches to-"Well, as I looked at that duck closely, rub bing my lamps all the time, so's to be certain that they weren't fooling me, I had him. He just came back to me in a flash. He was framing up a ringer trick, and I was dead next without his having the slightest idea that I was next. The fellow was simply one of the fastest sprinters in the world, and I'd seen him equal a world's record for the 100-yard dash during the Chicago Fair. He had got over that little stretch in 9 4-5 seconds, without taking a long breath. He had graduated from the amateur to the professional ranks several years before, and here at Peoria I had him in the role of a ringer, without his knowing that I had him I couldn't imagine what his graft was in doing a Rube stunt in order to break into the sprint ing competition at the Peoria County Fair, until it suddenly occurred to me that at some of the Western county fairs it is customary for books to be made on the outcome of athletic contests. just as odds are laid on or against the chances of race horses. Then I seemed to perceive

what my would-be Rube's lay was, "Think you can run, hey?' said I to the chap as soon as I had recovered from my surprise over recognizing him- a surprise which in no wise betrayed, 'Say, Zeb, you don' look like you could beat a snow plough on an up grade. What makes you think you can

" 'All ye've got t' do is t' come outside an' I'l show ye, by golly,' said the made-up Rube seeming to bridle over my remark.

" 'You're on.' said I, 'I'll just test your eligibility. What event do you want to run in particularly?

" 'Wall,' said he, still keeping up his rattling good imitation of a plough chaser's patois, 'I kin go a hundred yards as fast as th' nex' feller, I'll be dummed if I can't, an' ef it's all th' same you. I'd like t' git into thet event,

'Well, you've got to show that you can go a hundred yards inside of thirteen seconds or you wont be eligible.' I told him, " 'I don't know how fast I kin go, but I kin go

it as fast as any man down t' Bartonville,' he said, doggedly. 'You jest come outside an' mark off th' distance, an' I'll show ye,'

"I went out with him to the track where the sprints were to come off and showed him the 100-yard course. There were a number of farmers who happened to be in town standing around the grounds, and I gave them the wink, nodding toward the big would-be Rube as we passed by them. They all followed us to the rack. I gave the fellow the one, two, three go! in lieu of the pistol, and away he went while one of the Peoria lads who was practising running on the grounds held the watch. The skilful way with which the foxy geezer simulated clumsiness in striding over the ground was something funny to see. When he started to run with the grace of a dromedary there was a shout of laughter from all hands standing around. He just jumped into the air and seemed to tear up the turf every time he came down, and I couldn't help but marvel over his clever imitation of a jay. But when, after covering the distance, he breasted the tape, the young fellow who had the watch came running up to us at the start, laughing, and said:

" 'Darned if he didn't do it in twelve and a "There was another big laugh when the counterfeit Rube came panting up and said: " 'I reckon I kin hold my own with any

these fellers thet's goin' t'run durin' th' fair. "'You're eligible, all right,' I said to him just to see how he'd take it, 'but you haven't got a ghost of a show to win the 100-yard sprint There are a lot of fellows going to run who can cover the ground in twelve flat."

"He darted me a sharp look out of the tail of his eye and reckoned that he would run anyway. So I put his name down.

"Well, he appeared at the fair grounds ever afternoon, right up to the beginning of the fair to practise with the other runners, and they all made a buttof him and hooted when he loped over the track, and told him he was the greatest runner on the map and all that sort of thing They timed him several times over the 100-yard course, just for the fun of the thing, and he never made the distance in better than twelve and

two-fifths. "Me? Well, I just dropped a line to a friend of mine in Chicago, telling him to drop down to Peoria-that there might be something doing. He was on hand the day the gates of the fair grounds were thrown open, and I put him next. When I got a chance I quietly pointed out the made-up Rube, and he, too, instantly recognized him as one of the fleetest sprinters that ever smashed professional records in this

"The first two days of the fair were given over to the running and trotting races, and the twelve local bookmakers in line got all the money. Not a single four-footed favorite got under the wire first, and the agricultural sports were in the glooms, and dead anxious to get hunk on the third day, when the athletic con-

tests were to come off. "There were fourteen Zebulons entered for the 100-yard dash, and they all showed up. The first prize, \$50, was to go to the sprinter that made the swiftest time in the event, the \$25 prize to the lad who showed up next best, and the \$10 lump to the maker of the third best record. The local bookies, with nothing but money from the favorite toppling among the horses during the two previous days, went on the line and made book on all of the sprinting events. The local champion sprinter of Peoria was a 2 to 5 favorite in the 100-yard dash, and there were about five even money shots-and how's that for a round book? Then the outsiders scaled up to the tall, lanky bogus

Rube, who stood at 60 to 1 and no takers. "No takers, that is to say, except my friend from Chicago, who, apparently in possession of more than three parts of a jag, made the rounds of the books, drunkenly handing over five-dollar bills on the rank outsider, and get ting the general laugh.

" 'Thash all ri',' he'd say to the Peoria bookies when they took his money and said rude, funny things to him, I'm jesh playin' unner dog, thash all. Do' ekshpect to' win. Came here t' shoen' money, anyhow, an' I'm shpendin'

RUNS OF LUCK IN POKER. "Now, curiously enough, just as my Chicago friend with his cleverly assumed jag made the round of the books and got his \$5 notes down GUARDED PLAY TO MEET A PERSISTon the made-up Rube, another jagged individ-ENT SEQUENCE OF LOSSES.

It May Be Luck or Some Fault in the Player's

ual turned up in the ring with \$5 notes to pu

on the rank outsider. He got about eight of

the split saw bucks down before the bookies

who ran alongside of him, and then, to sort o

time seemed almost incredible, but three watches

had caught it, and it went. None of the others

in the 100-yard dash did the distance in any

better than eleven and two-fifths, and my Chi-

cago friend, with a bogus jag that seemed to be

bigger than ever, and likewise the chap with

the 'phony jag who'd got the coin down for the

ringer, went around and did their collecting

from the gloomy local bookies, and both of 'em

nooting and yelling triumphantly all the time,

"We'l, my work in Peoria was over, and, after

quite some hand-shaking with the two county

fair magnates who'd employed me, I left for

that I was becoming real smart, so I was,

Here's a penny for you. Now run away."
"Fasy, bey?' said I, calling him by name

'Oh, I don't know. My triend and I only snow

gled about \$2,500 out of the ring on you, that's

all. You're good, but you're lumpy in spots.

DOWN THEY GO WITHOUT A SOUND,

sons at Bathing Beaches.

"In all my experience, and I have had con

"It is generally supposed that persons strug

gling in the water call for assistance, but such

is not the case. For some reason, which can

hardly be explained, they never signal help

They simply throw up one hand, not both,

mind you, and under they go. I have noticed

this particularly at the Washington beach. In

not a single instance has there been a call for

help. I have pulled persons from the water within a few feet of the raft who were strug-

gling for life and yet who never uttered a singl

"It was only that I happened to notice their

quickly. I have heard many stories of a drowning person making a great racket to attract
attention, but I do not believe them. When
more than one person is in danger I have known
of calls, but invariably they came from the
one who could swim enough to save himself,
but who could not bring the drowning one
ashore. The one in immediate peril simply goes
under without a sound. I have been with fairly
good swimmers who became exhausted, and
who without a word of warning, threw back

head as though about to float or swim or back and go under. As they sank one

the back and go under. As they sank one arm came up.

"One would suppose that a person who could swim would be exempt from this dumbness in the moment of danger, but it is not so. Of course, many persons who start from shore get out so far that they realize they cannot get back without assistance, and will call for help before their energy has been all spent. Possibly they may manage to keep afloat until assistance comes, so when they cry out they are not actually drowning. When it comes to giving up and going under they sink slowly, without a sound.

"The more I think of this phase of the drowning question the more remarkable it seems Boys have been drowned here who would have been rescued had they but called once. They have gone under surrounded by companions and so close to the lifeguard that rescue would have been assured had there been any signal whatsoever.

"The impression that a drawning person."

have been assured had there been any signal whatsoever,
"The impression that a drowning person comes to the surface three times is a mistake. In fact, in most cases he goes under once and stays there unless some one goes after him. Ordinarily, a person overboard takes enough water into the body on first sinking to weight it so that it will not rise to the surface, but there seems to be no rule of nature governing this.

it so that it will not rise to the surface, but there seems to be no rule of nature governing this.

"I suppose if one goes under with the lungs full of air the body will come to the surface, but usually the first sinking is the last.

"This is our experience at the beach. Cases have been quite numerous where good swimmers dived from the raft and failed to come to the surface, going under and staying there until one of the guards went down for them. Of course they were brought up unconscious and could not tell why they did not come up as usual. This is another of the mysteries of drowning. If there are more ways of killing a cat than one so there are more reasons than one why people drown. Good swimmers, bad swimmers and those who can't swim at all go under and stay from time to time. If people will go in the water people will drown. We guard against accidents to the best of our ability, but occasionally some one goes down never to come up alive. We guards sit here and watch, go in and drag out all who appear in distress, but despite our vigilance suddenly some one will be missed, going down without a word, surrounded by half a hundred persons, any one of whom would possibly have been able to extend a helping hand."

MADE THE LANDLADY'S FORTUNE.

Boarding-House Steaks That Grew Tender

Under the Swat of a 4-Ton Hammer.

"Speaking of luck," said a reminiscent man, "reminds me of how fortune came

to a boarding-house keeper in a mill town where I once lived. There came

to the house when he first struck the town a new millhand. This boarder seemed

at first just like any other young man with a

good appetite, out of whom the profit to be

made was likely to be small, but it was speedily

discovered that he was a man of ability and

promise, who was likely to get on at the mill

fle made great progress at the works. It wasn't

From the Washington Evening Star.

as if they just couldn't stand the bunch of luck

they'd stacked up against.

head, and said to me:

"Then he did the buying."

savers at the bathing beach.

for the ringer.

Own System That Is to Blame, but in Any began to rub the outsider's price-not because Case There Is Need of Caution-Some Comthey smelt any rat, but just to make their books mon Errors to Be Avoided at Poker. still rounder. It wont take the Sherlock There can be no disputing the fact that in-Holmeses of this club to get wise to the fact that dividuals have been known to carry their poker this No. 2 imitation drunk was the commissioner playing to excess, and it is also true, beyond doubt, that the fascination of the game may "Oh, well, it went through all right. The big have much to do with their selection of this made-up Rube went off at the crack of the ristol form of dissipation rather than some other. with the third batch in the 100-yard event. He A little reflection, however, will serve to show didn't do it too swift, you see. He just made that the game itself is not to be blamed for the it in ten and a fifth, distancing the other two weakness of the individual. On the contrary, it is the supreme excellence of the game that throw out the impression that the stunt had makes it fascinating, and the mere fact that taken his life, he lay down after finishing and some people pursue it to excess comes from panted and groaned and pretended to be in a nothing in the game that need make intelligent bad way from heart disease, so that the doctor people show it. To those who have strength of on the grounds filled him up on digitalis, mind enough to control themselves it is to be which gradually brought him around. The

commended as a game of the highest possible There is, however, one phase of the game which presents a temptation to the beginner, and against which, in all fairness, he ought to be warned, lest unthinkingly he be subjected to serious loss and inconvenience at a single sitting. What he may do on subsequent occasions has nothing to do with the game as a game. If he play of tener, or for heavier stakes than he ought, the game is not to be blamed; but it does not seem altogether unfair to blame the game if the fascination of the moment carries him unthinkingly off his feet, so that e loses his mental and moral equilibrium for

Chicago that same night with my friend, who It is to be noted, therefore, that the player passed me over a thousand out of the \$2,400 just beware especially of the temptation to that he'd picked up on the ringer, and told me ontinue his play in the hope of recouping his osses, when the odds are in reality against him "A couple of days later I met the ringer on and he has already last more than he is willing Clark street in Chicago, with nothing but the o do. It may be said that no man is willing right kind of apparel on his sinewy frame, and a to lose at poker, but certainly no man can exfour-karat headlight in his shirt front. He pect always to win, and he who is not willing came up to me, patted me affectionately on the lose sometimes does not play poker for the game, but for the stakes, and is a gambler "'You were real nice and easy, weren't you? rather than a gamester.

This temptation is a strong one, and often proves too strong even for good players. The possibility of winning is especially alluring then the winning seems an actual necessity, and even level-headed players are often found evising the principles of good play and taking onger chances, for the simple reason that the hances are running against them, instead f waiting for strong hands and good opporunities as they should do,

A Life Saver's Observations of Drowning Per-The poker player who watches the game as t should be watched will not be long in doubt of the fact if the chances are really against siderable at various watering resorts, I have him, instead of being equal with those of the other players, as they should be in theory. If never known of a single instance of a drown by he lose money steadily for a while he will be person calling for help," said one of the life

most certain to declare that the cards are running against him and this may indeed be true. The one phenomenon of the game which can never be explained is the fact that any can never be explained is the fact that any player in any game is liable to get a long series of remarkably good or remarkably poor hands. It may happen, of course, that good hands may run to all the party, or that there will be few good hands held by any one during a considerable time, but the unexplainable thing which seems most curious of all is the continued bad luck or good luck of some one player. This will often continued that the continued the continued that the continued the continued that the luck or good flick of some one plays swill often continue through an entire sitting a series of sittings and it is even true that he players seem never to get cards equal the average, while others will average, year and year out, much better cards than their conents. Why this should be true, as was "It was only that I happened to notice their peculiar actions in the water, and not the noise they made that impelled me to go after them. Time and again I have seen poor swimmers start from the shore and, after pacidling a short distance, throw up one hand and go under. It is the most remarkable thing imaginable that they give no signal of distress when help is so near. I have often asked rescued persons why thy did not call for help, but they could give no explanation. They knew they were drowning, but the only sign of their peril was the involuntary raising of the arm. I have become so accustomed to this sort of thing—that peculiar manner in which a drowning person throws up his hand—that among a score of bathers diving, ducking and splashing about I can tell the one in danger in an instant. "When he goes down it is with the head thrown far back. As the water washes over the face up comes the hand. Then it slowly disappears, going under inch by inch.

"Then if anything is done it must be done quickly. I have heard many stories of a drowning person making a great racket to attract attention but I do not believe them. When

to the average, while others will average, year in and year out, much better cards than their opponents. Why this should be true, as was said, cannot be explained on any theory, but no experienced player is likely to deny that it is.

There are two courses for the player when it has become apparent that the cards are actually running against him. He can quit the game, which is really the prudent thing to do, since no skill is likely to avail him much without at least a fair show of cards. Or, if desirous of playing, and willing to wait for a turn of luck, which will probably come sooner or later, he may continue in the game without serious loss if he will control his play firmly and not undertake to force the luck.

In doing this he should, whenever it is his turn to make the ante, put up the smallest amount allowed. A single white chip is sufficient, and will really answer his purpose as well as a large sum. It is true that any other player, when it comes his turn, may raise, but the ante man is not obliged to make good and if he has no encouragement in his hand to draw, he will escape with the minimum of loss. On the other hand, if he has good cards, he can raise at the time of making good, and so test the hands opposed to him. Obviously this advantage is not open to him when a jackpot is to be played, since he must put up his quota to get cards, but he can then apply the second rule of safety. He cannot play without some loss till his buck shall turn, and he is only concerned in making that loss as small as possible. He should then refuse to draw cards on anything less than a pair of tens at the very least,

cerned in making that loss as small as possible. He should then refuse to draw cards on anything less than a pair of tens at the very least, and in jackpots on less than openers. And, having drawn, he should refuse to see any bet whatever unless he shall have bettered his hand. If it be his first say it may be well he to venture active on the say that the to venture active on the say that the to venture active on the say it if any one sless shall raise he will be feedish to call unless he strongly suspects a bluff.

If it be objected that this is not playing poker, the redy's is that a man should not play poker while the luck is positively against him. The only thing open to him if he does not withdraw is to stay in the game at as little expense as possible and this he can only do by refusing to be found in the luck is positively against him. The only thing open to him if he does not withdraw is to stay in the game at as little expense as possible and this he can only do by refusing to be further than the luck is spesible to the say that the late of the control of the luck is a substantial to stay in the day of the other. And in the late of the late of

promise, who was likely to get on at the mill, fle made great progress at the works. It wasn't long before he was at the head of the section of the force department there, the boss, in fact, of the 4-ton hammers.

"As far as he was concerned the only thing that marred his happiness was the toughness of the steaks they had at the boarding house; and that they were tough nobody could deny, But he was equal to the occasion there as he had proved himself to be at the mill.

"Madam, he said one day to the landlady, if you will let me take the steaks you buy before you cook them I will make them just as tender as can be, without any cost to you whatsoever."

"Now, he had paid his board regularly and he was at that moment virtually the star boarder. The landlady handed him the next morning without hesitation the bundle of steaks just as it came from the butcher; and the hammer boss just took 'em over to the mill, this being before the regular starting time in the morning, and adjusting one of the four-ton hammers to about the right gau e, started it up and ran the steaks a couple of times under the hammer. "Good? Why, they were just simply beautiful; and every morning after that the genial hammer boss used to run across to the mill before breakfast and quietly, without the knowledge of any one, run the landlady's steaks back and forth once under the four-ton hammer. The fame of the landlady's tender steaks grew rapidly, as did also, naturally, the number of her boarders. And so she accumulated wealth."

fiable belief in the strength of their own cards. A bet may have been made in the first place with good judgment, based on reasonable grounds, but subsequent play may indicate clearly that the opponent is either biuffing or has the superior hand. In this case it sometimes calls for critical judgment to decide whether there is actually a bluff, in which case the first player would of course call, or whether it be a genuine case of strong cards. Here is a temptation, and a strong one, to call anyhow, lest the other man steal the pot. But the moment a player formulates a rule of play according to which he shall always call in such a case, that moment he commits himself to a hopelessly bad course of play. He must remember that his judgment is all he has to rely on, and when he bets against his judgment, even if it is only by calling to determine whether or not the other man is bluffing, he is playing against himself and against his only chance of winning.

VALUE OF A FIFTY-BOLLAR BILL. Credit and Good Things Showered on the Man Who Couldn't Break One.

"Say, boys," said the rising young dramatist, as he came into the club and sat down in an easy chair, "wait till you hear my new comedy. "Are you going to read it?" asked some one entatively.

"No; I'll tell it to you. It wont take five minutes. All the acts are short. Something like a sigh of relief was heard. "The curtain rises on the first act, disclosing

lady giving me a fifty-dollar bill." Whether it was caused by astonishment or disbelief or, perhaps, both, certain it is that an exclamation akin to "Phew!" came from the

"Yes; I'll explain. A vaudeville actress with a generous angel behind her, gave me a commission to write a sketch, and to my delight accepted my terms, which were \$50 on acceptance and \$50 on production. I read the sketch to her last Saturday. She was pleased and planked down the first installment on the spot. I put the bill in my pocketbook. That night with the \$2 I had in change I enjoyed a glorious dinner and a good seat at the theatre Then I went home and slept the sleep of the satisfied. That act I have headed "Anticipation," for you can't conceive what I didn't expect to do with that \$50."

Yes: that act must have been especially pleasing to you," said some one. "I suppose you lost the bill, after ail?"

"Nothing so common as that," continued the playwright, "for Act II. discovers me at break fast on Sunday morning with the bill still safe m my possession. After working an hour or two I determined to treat myself to a princely repast, and with that purpose took a car to 125th street; I live in the Eightles, you know. After regaling myself with all sorts of delicacies, which I washed down with a bottle of wine, I lit a cigar and called for the bill. It amounted to \$1.10. I threw the fifty-dollar bill down carelessly on the table, as if I was used to such trifles, and the waiter went for change. Presently he returned with the man-

obligation.

"As this creme de menthe tasted distinctly more-ish I tried another at a saloon in Eighth avenue, which I swallowed before tendering payment. Again did I find my credit good, though you perceive, I never asked once to be treated. "As the two cordials seemed to satisfy me

"As the two cordials seemed to satisfy me or, shall I say unselfishness? A candy store was handy and as my neople were by the seashore. I thought to send my sister a large box of chocolates. I entered the store, chose the candies and ordered the box to be sent to a hotel at Atlantic City. I waited till the package was done up and after writing the address. I once more threw down the bill. The man didn't know whether to smile or to cry, but it ended up in the same sweet way. I was to

in a loud voice, 'What' t'ell are you giving me?'

I suppose any sane person would have now given up the game as useless. I didn't, for I was pretty nearly insane, and I was more than ever determined to change that bill. Another hotel loomed in the distance. I would put a bold face on, explain the matter and ask them to do their best for me. I did. I went straight to the manager, explained the circumstances, showed him the bill and offered to buy a dollar's worth of anything in the house if he would change it. He smiled and said he was quite unable to do so, but expressed his willingness to help me on my way if I needed it. I sank my pride and asked for the loan of five cents for a car fare. He handed me a quarter. Impulsively I offered to treat him to a drink. He declined with thanks, telling me he would accept when I returned the loan.

"Red in the face and out of temper I boarded the first car I came across and stood outside smoking savagely. The conductor must have noticed my demeanor, for he ventured to ask me what the matter was. I told him, and added that it seemed absolutely impossible to get a fifty-dollar bill changed in this confounded city on Sunday. I had no sooner made this remark than a curious-looking, undersized colored man, whom I had not noticed before, but who was standing also outside, interrupted blandly with, I think I can accommodate you.' And I'm blest if he didn't pull out a roll of bills big enough to choke a goat and count out four tens, one five, one two and three one dollar bills, apologizing at the same time that he had no smaller change. Despite his color I could have embraced him, but, as the car had now reached my street, I simply thanked him effusively and almost ran home. That act I dub 'Realization.' You can count on your fingers how many things I realized that Sunday on the credit of my face."

"Suppose you found the darky's bills were as good as gold. Act No. III. wont be so interesting to you, perhaps, but you'll find it instructive, and may help you further to digest tha

cents, but contrary wise added to the generosities. I had received in the restaurant and saloon.

"The denouement came: when I chanced to meet the little colored oddity on Eighth avenue walking with a tall, finely dressed white woman. I raised my hat, and, when he had passed, I pointed him out to a pelleeman.

"Yes, said the man in blue, he's a character. Kind of body servant. Been in the family for years. Heaps of money:

"That's all, but if that comedy hasn't got money in it may I never write another line."

From the Baltimore Sun.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Cumbrilland, Md., Aug. 31—George Stafford, while in Cumberland yesterday, told of a remarkable frenk of nature on his farm, in Allegany county. A cave dug years ago, used for preserving vegetables and other edibles, kept them so cool that Mr. Stafford's sons concluded that there was a cold spring rear the surface. In June last the boys started to dig, but were amazed to find the ground frozen so hard that they could not penetrate it. The present month another attempt was made, but the ground was found to have thawed only two inches, being frozen hard beyond that point. One day this week a third attempt to dig was made, to find the condition of the ground unchanged. Mr. Stafford says the the soil is of the gravel variety and the ground is frozen until there are big cracks, out of which cold air rushes in great volume.

DRIVING CIRCUS-TENT PINS. Remarkable Team Work by a Gang of Men With Sledge Hammers.

"Not all of the interesting sights of a circus are included in those seen at the public performances, by any means," said an old circus toer. "I never myself saw anything more interesting about a circus than the unloading of a big three-ring show from the cars it travelled in, when on the road, and the moving of this outfit out to the show grounds, and the pitching of the tents and so on. And not the least interesting thing to look at in all this was the driving of the big tent pins by which the great canvas was held up. That was certainly something astonishing to see. I'd seen some pretty work by drillers, three or four men with sledge and the only time I was ever accused of cowarding hammers standing around a drill held by another man, and striking upon that, one after another, with an absolutely uniform and unbroken succession of blows; but I never saw any hammer work that began to equal this of the circus men driving tent pins.

"The tent plan had first been laid out on the

ground by a man who walked around with a steel tape, indicating the spots where the pins in a company I was getting up. It wasn't were to go. Wherever he stopped or made a long before I had eighty as good man as ever mark a man with him stuck into the ground | had their eye along a Henry rifle. An old Rea big steel skewer with a colored rag tied through | gular army man by the name of Col. Conner ring in the top. When the wagons with the poles and pins came along pins were dropped out around on the ground, one handy to each started east in the latter part of the summer of these markers. The pins were each about six feet in length by an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, with a ferrule around the | Colonel was afraid that his reputation would top to prevent its splitting or fraying under the hammer blows, and shod with a steel point to preserve that end and make it easier to drive pin into the ground. These giant tent pins re to hold each a rope coming down to it

to preserve that end and make it easier to drive the pin into the ground. These glant tent pins were to hold each a rope coming down to it from the edge of the great canvas roof and they must hold it securely, and to do that they must be driven deep. As a matter of fact, each one of them was sunk until only about six inches of it remained above the ground. Formidable a task as it might have seemed to be to put these pins down, they were sunk to their heads with the greatest apparent ease in considerably less than a minute apiece by a gang of men numbering eight or ten and working all together, who moved steadily along from pin to pin until the work was done.

They were stalwart men, every one, and superlative experts at pin driving. One pin driven, the boss of the gang would move out toward the next, the rest of the men sauntering along with him and after him, each man carrying a ten-pound sledge. Picking up that next stake from where it lay on the ground the boss would stand it on end, with its point where it belonged as indicated by the skewer with the bright rag in the top. While he was doing this the rest of the gang would be closing up in a ring around him and the stake and sort of settling into place in a perfect formation.

"When the boss had got the stake upended, in a vertical position and with the point where it belonged he would hit it one whack on the head with his sledge, driving it in far enough so that it would stand steady by itself, though that would leave it still standing about as tall as an ordinary man. The other eight or nine men had by this time got settled into a true ring around the stake, and in the next instant after the hammer of the first man to his left came down upon it; this man's sledge had been going up and over and down through the air to fall upon the stake as the boss stepped back.

"As the sledge of this first striker dropped from the head of the stake the sledge of the next man to his left came down upon it; this man's sledge had been going up and over and down through the into the roll itself. Or you might say that for rapidity the hammer strokes were like the sounds of the buckets of a steamboat's paddle wheel striking the water, except that there was no slowing or quickening as there is in paddle-wheel strokes. The strokes of the hammers were absolutely trulely spaced, while the only variation in sound heard here was in that of the stake when struck, which varied a little in pitch, its inflection rising as the stake went down.

in pitch, its inflection rising as the stake went down.

The strokes swept round till it came the boss's turn he had long since settled into his place in the now perfect ring, and when his turn came his sledge descended in true succession with the rest and, sweeping on beyond, the strokes went round again. Looking at the men now they seemed like some strange machine with ten arms radiating from the centre, and operated from there by somehody playing on a keyboard, and touching the keys as rapidly as he could in regular succession. Twice this wave of strokes swept round, and the stake was driven home. Then once more the boss appeared, moving out from

Then the pin puller is trundled to the

HOLD OF THE FLAG ON THE HEART.

After a Long Absence. How many people fully realize what the flag of their country means to them? How many know the place it actually holds in their affections? It may be safely said that the number very small. One has to be away from home to get the full meaning of it. Here, where the flag is everywhere, it is treated more or less lightly; indeed, the average man gives it no thought at all. A traveller, Morgan Williams of Chicago, recently discoursed entertainingly on this subject. It was just after the relief

of the legations at Pekin.
"I can at least partially appreciate the thrill that the first sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over the relieving force gave the Americans who had been waiting so long for succor," he said. "Of course, I never was hemmed in for weeks by a cruel horde as they were, and the flag could not have the same significance for me, but I had been for a year without a sight of it and when my gaze first rested on it I had to gulp down something that rose in my throat. When I left home I had about the same rever ence for it that the average American has and while I was travelling I really hadn't given it much thought. I had had no special longing to see it; at least no such idea had been formu-

to see it; at least no such idea had been formulated in my mind. Nor had I been especially homesick. Of course, a man who has been long away wants to get back to his native country, but I was used to travelling and took my entorced absence philosophically.

"On this occasion I had been in Africa, not in the wilds, you understand, but still far enough away from the usual course of travel so that my eyes had at no time lighted on the flag that previously had been most familiar to me. It so happened that I did not see it until I reached Paris on my way home. I saw other flags, but not the Stars and Stripes, and, as I said before, I was not looking for it and was not conscious of any anxiety to see it. I knew that I wanted to get back to the United States. Then suddenly one day the old flag met my gaze. There was some sort of American celebration in Paris, and the Red, White and Blue was waving from a window. I stood stock still for a minute, while a lump rose in my throat; then I jumped into the street, threw my hat up in the air and gave a wild, Western yell that must have made the natives think I was crazy. It was only a piece of bunting, of course, but I never saw anything before or since that so thrilled me. I simply couldn't help yelling, and it was immaterial to me how big a fool I seemed to make of myself so long as I gave that flag one good rousing cheer.

"That's why I say that the man who has never been away from the flag is unable to appreciate what it means to him or the affection that he really feels for it. One must see it in a foreign land to gain any conception of the hold it has on his heart. And if the mere sight of it so affected me under these circumstances what must a glimpse of it at the head of a relief column have meant to the Americans in Pekin? It was more than the mere assurance of relief, and I venture to say that the best of them never will be able to put their feelings into words. There are some emotions that are beyond description, and principal among them are toose inspired in the b

REBUKED BY HIS COLONEL

A REGULAR ARMY MAN'S CRITICISM OF VOLUNTEERS' METHODS.

He Afterward Found That They Had Fought Indians in Indian Fashion and He Revised His Opinion of Their Fighting Qualities.

From the Washington Post. "I am glad the Boers have been teaching the British how to fight," said Uncle Sam Hoyt, "This business of standing up and letting the bullets hit you because you don't know any better is an error that the English soldiers have made from the time of Braddock down to the present day. I was 79 years old last month, was in 1861, and the charge was made by a man who didn't know how to fight Indians. "I was in California when the war broke

out. Companies were organized, and I sent word to a lot of my old friends who had been with me in the mining business in '40 and the '50s that I would pay their travelling expenses and buy them their outfits if they would collect was getting up the regiment and my company was mustered in at Stockton. Our regiment of 1861 for Salt Lake City, and we got there some time in September, and went into camp. The suffer on the ground that he was doing nothing when word reached us that the Bear River indians were out on the warpath.

"The Bear River Indians were a monerel jot of redskins, and the tribe consisted of renegades from the Utes, Plutes, Blackfeet, and other tribes, which were even too respectable to own them. They had swept down and wiped out a Mormon village at the head of the Great Salt Lake, and were reported to be gathered about 500 strong among the canons along Bear River, which is the outlet of Bear Lake into the northern part of Great Salt Lake.

"I think it was some time in December when the news reached us, and Col. Connor decided to start at once. He feared that there might be an outbreak of the Mormons while we were gone, so he left the greater part of the regiment in the barracks at Salt Lake City, and took only about one hundred and fifty men wirl him. I had between forty and fifty of my company of infantry, and the rest of the force was cavalry. The Colonel ordered me to set out ahead with my men, and the cavalry would start later and overtake us. It was a good three days' march to where the Indians were reported to be, and we wanted to make all hasts and reach them before they got away

"When we started it was nice weather, but we hadn't got out more than twenty miles before the worst blizzard I ever saw began to whirl the snow in our faces. The thermometer dropped about 40 degrees, and it got colder than a Klondike Christmas The snow piled in great drifts over the trail and it was with difficulty that we found our way, I had a horse, but I let the men ride it, one after another, as they got too tired to push on in spite of all the obstacles we made about thirty miles a day, ploughing through the snew up to our waists, and the cavalry did not overtake us until we were within twenty miles of the rendezvous of the Indians.

"When the Colonel came up he was riding in a sleigh drawn by two horses, and bundle i up with as many robes as a Russian prince He told me to hurry up, and went on with his sleighbells jingling in the frosty air like the chimes of a cathedral. I asked him to take the bells off his horses, and he finally did so If he had refused we wouldn't have found an Indian within 100 m les of Bear River. We stopped for the night about five miles from the canon where the reskins were located, and pushed on in the morning a little before

daybreak
"When we got to Bear River we found the caydaybreak cosion with the rest; and, sweeping on beyond, the strokes went round again. Looking at the men now they seemed like some strange machine with ten arms radiating from the centre, and operated from there by some redit good, do not to be a satisfy ment a great obline and the stake was driven home. Then come more the boss appeared, moving out from the now irregular bunch of men to the next stake, where precisely the same thing was repeated.

"And that's the way they kept a-going, right a large by the sear to a large box, chose the sesent of a large box." I was to stake was the package the package the package. The man to cry, but to eighty of those great tent pins, set about ten feet a part and forming in outline the least.

The man sty to eighty of those great tent pins, set about ten feet a part and forming in outline the least. They do they get the pins up again? With

or fifty men, but I didn't wait to be told a second time. I went down to the river to reconnoitre, and found the stream about one hundred feet across with big cakes of ice floating down its swift current. The Mormon guides said it was fordable, and I took my company down. My horse came in good play, for he carried about twenty men across in four trips, either astride of him or holding on to his tail, to keep from being swept away by the current. "When we got on the other side we made a run for the cañon, which was about a quarter of a mile on the other side. When we reached it the Indians, who had been lying in ambush, gave a yell and let us have it. Some of them had rifles, and the rest were armed with bows and arrows. The way the builtest and arrows whistled around us made us get to cover. I had been in the Indian country too long to stand up and get shot, just for the sake of saving that I was not afraid. At the very first whose all of us burrowed in the snow and get behind rocks and trees, and fought the Indians in their own fashion.

"Then followed a fight that would do your heart good to see. There was not a man in the bunch who could not draw a bead fine enough to knock the eye out of a squirrel hos feet away, and every time an Indian showed his head he was bowled over with a builet through his skull. No one fired till he saw his man, and very frequently a quietus would be nut to a redskin by two of the boys who saw him at the same moment. There was no ceremony about the encounter. I didn't give three orders in a whole hour. I didn't have a sword. It would have been as useless as a lady's fint, But I used my rifle and the Colt. 44, that I had carried through the Mexican War, till the barrols were as hot as if they had been put in a furnace. "Not a man was killed by the Indians. The cavalry kept firing over from the other side of the river, and I had to send a man to tell them to stop it. Their bullets kept pattering among us till it looked as though they were and to still the other side of the river, and

more anxious to wipe us out than to whip Indians.

"The boys had gradually ranged thems over the whole canon, so there was no chifor them to get out, and we started to dthem down the gulch to where it turned ward Bear River. The only way for the escape was to climb out or swim the six When we had them going once, the shaig was something terrible. They hopped are and got behind rocks and trees, which were thick, but they couldn't dodge the of those iron-nerved, keen-eyed frontiers! As we swent them down the canon we caross a dead body every few yards, and ne every one of them hed been shot through head. Consequently there were not enwounded to have filled a ward in a pri hospital. ore anxious to wipe us out than to

wounded to have a small branch that led away from the river, and a few of the Indians escaped by dashing into it, but we headed off the main body and drove them into the river them in the new stream we died. escaped by dashing into it, but we headed of the main body and drove them into the river. When we got them in the key stream we deed the water red with their blood. They dropped their guns and ammunition in their efforts to swim and wade across. Finally the only Indians in sight were dead ones, with the ex-ception of a few that wriggled their blood-stained painted bodies in the snow. Not one of my boys had been killed, and only four of them 'wounded as I recollect." I went back to the Colonel and told him that the Indians were gone, expecting to have him thank me, at least He looked at ne very coldly and said:

"Capt. Hoyt, I am sorry that a man of whose courage I had always had such a high colinion should prove guilty of such paltry cowardice."

"How is that, sir,' I replied, stunned at the accusation.

accusation, when the cafe where the Indians were you and your whole company threw yourselves on the ground to escape the fire of the enemy.

"I only did it to fight them in their own fashion, we killed our share, and did not lose a man."

fashion. We killed our share, and did not lose a man."

"It looked to me as though you would let them all escape, he said. Till go with you and see how many you killed."

"We went through the cafton together, and when the Colonel passed along the whole course of the running fight and counted is Indians he looked at me in surprise.

"You did better than I thought, Captain," was all he said.

"It took him a long time to get over the way we had dodged among the rocks and trees and I don't believe he ever did give me or my men credit for the courage we showed."

and News medium will better meet your quirements than any other publication. reaing as it does people who have money for vestment, and supplying each day all the neavailable of interest to those interested in Realty Market.—Ade